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Sunday, Sept. 26, 1937



Songs That Will Live Forever A New Series of Paintings
by Henry Clive

Annie Laurie

Her voice is low and sweet;
She's a' the world to me,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

—Published by Carl Fischer, Inc.

Fish Story Told By the Camera - Mr. Vasquez's Curious Pets

WHILE others make pets of dogs, cats, birds and even reptiles, Raúl Vasquez, a native of Key West, Florida, spends his spare time taming fish.

In a large pool, 250 feet long and 50 feet wide in the rear of his business establishment, Vasquez keeps more than 70 varieties of tropical fish, many of which he has trained to bob up to the surface at his whistle and to roll from his fingers.

The pool is built at sea level and the water in the pool is kept constantly fresh by the rise and fall of the tide.

In closest harmony in Vasquez's unique aquarium live colorful parrot and angel fish, grouper, jewfish, yellowtail snapper, jack and mullet.

Not one of his pets is usually visible when Vasquez approaches the pool. With a stick he taps softly on the hornering rocky ledge. They appear almost at once, large and small, brightly colored and somber hued. Summoned by the master's whistle, or the sound of the magic stick which they have learned to obey, they forsake their coral, sea weed and rocks to gather near the boss.



Raúl Vasquez, the Key West, Florida, fish-tamer. Holding a Frog above the surface of the water to attract one of his pet groupers. The fish rises to the surface, eager for the morsel.

"Who's going to be the first to swim side up and get petted?" Vasquez inquires in a quiet voice. If a large fish, beside the smaller ones out of the way and acts the bully, he is not rewarded, and Vasquez sends him swimming away with a reprimand. Along comes another "swim side up" is the command. Over flips the fish. Vasquez strokes it and rewards it with a choice morsel for its obedience. Then in turn the others come, earn their food by their confidence in and affection for Mr. Vasquez and swim away.

Another of Vasquez's stunts is to pick up the fish, hold it gently in his hands and scratch its back. The fish neither squirms, nor flaps. It takes it all in the spirit in which it is given, swims away and returns for more.

The grouper is the favorite of all his fish. Vasquez says, "push have their individual characteristics like people, he believes. If a fish likes you, it will do anything you teach it to do. If it does not like you, you might as well not bother with it."

Vasquez has made a comfortable home for his pets. He never allows them to be cramped or teased. He gives them plenty of good food and they await the tap of his stick on the rock by the pool. That means, "Come on fellows, it's time for grub."

Within a week's time, Vasquez says, he has tamed a fierce barracuda to become as gentle as a kitten.



Always in Good Humor After a Feast, the Pet Fish Comes Again to the Surface to Allow Vasquez to Pet Him and Scratch His Back. The Fish Seems to Possess the Emotion of Affection, but No Fear of the Human Master.

Flash: The Frog Is Gone—All Save the Legs. The grouper is a snappy fellow.

Why Americans' Feet Are Growing Smaller

JOHN BATA, the world's largest maker of shoes has plants in Zlin, Czechoslovakia, that turn out as many as 145,000 pairs of shoes a day. He ships this footwear all over the world and complete statistics about human feet that are interesting and, presumably, accurate.

Mr. Bata says that every year American feet are growing smaller. His records show that and he has a theory to explain the trend. For one thing, he thinks that people in this country are a lot vain when they go into a shoe store and buy the smallest sizes they can get their feet in without undue discomfort. And for another thing Americans are the "tallest" people in the world. A great deal of our traveling, he says, is

done in automobiles and, more and more, this method of locomotion is taking a lead off our feet. It is probable that a reduction in the amount of walking keeps feet from spreading sideways and from bed to bed.

Mr. Bata thinks it would be possible to show that the decrease in the size of American feet is in direct proportion to the increase in the number of motor cars that roll over the country's highways.

But American feet are not the smallest in the world. The people in Southern France hold that distinction and, strangely enough, they use their feet more than we do. It seems that small feet run in the inhabitants of that section of Europe.

We ship most of our larger size shoes to Holland, says the Czechoslovakian manufacturer. Feet run large in the land of the dikes and windmills, but so do the inhabitants. We do not think of the Dutch as having uncommonly large feet for their size and weight.

It is a common belief in the universal matter of love and marriage that opposites attract. There may be, and probably is, something to the old saying, but in the long run it is couples who resemble each other who find the most satisfaction and happiness in marriage.

The authority for this interesting statement is Dr. Robert Hofstaetter, a Viennese physician and psychologist with a flourishing practice in Berlin. It is his contention that couples with a certain physical and mental resemblance get more out of life than "opposites."

Before he announced what he claims to be a fact, he investigated the lives and habits of 180 married couples. Most of these couples 124 to be exact, had been married more than ten years. Of these 124 couples 54 showed a marked outward resemblance.

The doctor went thoroughly into his investigation. He even distinguished between inherited and acquired features of resemblance. He found out, for example, that there is often a similarity of appearance between a man's wife and his mother, which makes for a resemblance between man and wife. Dr. Hofstaetter studied the photographs and the faces of 47 couples married more than 10 years. He discovered that 36 of these couples showed obvious inherited resemblance. Seventy-two per cent of these married partners admitted that they had lived

what seemed to them unusually happy lives together. The remaining 11 couples who had grown to look like one another, but not an aunt, niece, aunt, or the like, said they had found more happiness than they ever expected in. The doctor makes the whole point of the argument when he looks at the record of 77 couples who do not look at all like each other: the supposed "opposites" who attract and find only 31 couples who thought marriage had worked out successfully. In other words, only 35 per cent of this group were happy. The Berlin psychologist plans to continue his studies.



The Catalpa Tree Growing Out of the Second-Story Window of the Stone House at Winchester, Va., Is a Point of Interest for Tourists. The Roots, Growing Down, Caused a Crack in the Wall.

20,000 Feathers in Unique Costume



NO matter what other attractions are shown at the Pan American Exposition which recently opened in Dallas, Texas, the seven visitors to the spectacle are likely to think that the cape shown in the photograph at the left is one of the sexiest and richest garments made by human hands. It is not fur, which its texture looks very much like at a distance, but a fabrication of more than 20,000 soft and brightly colored feathers. The gorgeous cape was fashioned by highly skilled Aztec Indians and is an authentic relic of that ancient race.

The comely young woman showing off the cape may seem to be treating such a treasure rather carelessly, but she isn't. The garment was placed gently on the ground, which was perfectly dry and grassed over, and the wearer posed against its soft folds as though she were lying on some precious fabric that would crumble if handled roughly.

In the old days, before the Spaniards sailed across the Atlantic to settle the New World and seek the riches of Eldorado, such capes were worn only by the highest Aztec chieftains and then only on state occasions.

The role at the exposition is on the order of those even more valuable and remarkable creations of feathers which were the royal robes of the rulers of Huastec long before the White Man, in his swaying, discovered the is-

lands of the Mid-Pacific.

Five years ago one of these regal capes and a matching helmet were stolen from a museum in Berlin, Germany. The curators of the museum were not seeking free publicity when they announced that the two pieces had been given a value of \$110,000. Such clothing, they knew, can never be replaced, because the birds from which the plumage was taken are most of them, extinct, and the art of handling the delicate and beautiful material has long since been forgotten, as practiced by the Hawaiians in the 17th and for centuries before that.

The feather robe stolen from a case in the German museum was part of the legacy of Captain James Cook, a famous British explorer who was killed in Hawaii in 1779. At great expense and after long negotiation the relic was acquired by a German collector.

History records that the favorite feather cloak of Kanaloa, great-grandfather of the Polynesian kings, was a masterpiece of yellow feathers requiring the work of nine generations of highly skilled artisans. This cloak was four feet long and eleven and a half feet around. The garment had a golden shawl and draped as gracefully as a shawl. It had a matching feather helmet which looked very much like the headdress of the Roman soldiers of Caesar's time.

Here and there are red and yellow birds, many species of which are now extinct and it might take years to gather the raw material for one king's robe.

This Tree Wanted A Home

IN almost every city town and hamlet in this country there is some sort of oak tree that the citizens point to with pride and cherish against the depredations of the axe. But it would be hard to find a more unusual tree than the one shown in the photograph above. This is a landmark in Winchester, Virginia, and has made the stone residence of Charles Bailey nationally known.

As the picture shows, the tree's member of the Catalpa species is growing just beside a second-story window. It is now 14 feet tall and the base of its trunk is 18 feet from the ground. The tree started sprouting in 1919 and it is likely that a bird, carrying a seed, dropped the little germ so that it lodged in the space between the stones.

With the remarkable tenacity that some plants possess, this Catalpa continued to thrive, year after year, although it does seem possible that it could get sustenance enough for its roots in the perpendicular side of a

practically solid building. Never, in the 18 years that the freak has been growing, has Mr. Bailey given it a drop of water or fertilizer. He has left the tree entirely alone, believing that it has a right to occupy a part of his home if it has the ability to maintain life in such an unlikely spot.

During the past five years the tree has spread the side wall somewhat, proving that it is stronger than the heavy stone that supports it. But reasons will repair any damage that is done and the tree will be allowed to grow.

At Christmas time Mr. Bailey and his wife decorate the branches with colored electric lights and people come for miles around to see the second-story spectacle of the year's principal holiday.

No one knows just how many pictures have been taken of the oddity, but the estimates run into the thousands. Almost every day during the vacation season, tourists snap the tree for their albums.

20,000 Feather Costume in the Recent "Cavalade" of the American Pageant Presented by the Pan-American Exposition. The Robe is Authentically Aztec and Its Train Is Nine Feet Long.

© 1927, by Associated Press. Photo by Associated Press.

"My Conscience Is Murdering Me!"

Remarkable Remorse of "Honey" Hamilton, Former Ziegfeld Beauty, Who Says She Let Her Innocent Husband Go to Jail for 60 Years When She Could Have Saved Him by Confessing Her Unfaithfulness--And Wants to Take His Place in Prison



Opening the Bin, "Honey" Says She Found the \$50,000 Rosenthal Kidnap Ransom in It, Stuck \$25,000 of It in Her Girdle, Then Climbed Up Precariously to the Chandelier and Dropped the Other \$25,000 Inside—Later Coming Back to Recover Her Load.



The Lure—Bettine Green, Who Unwittingly Deceived Broker Rosenthal Into the Hands of His Kidnapers.

"BETWEEN my conscience is murdering me," explained "Honey" Hamilton, former Ziegfeld beauty, as the reason for confessing that she had stolen \$25,000, devoted, as good a husband as a girl ever had, and that she had been the sweetheart of Marcus Blumenthal, convicted kidnaper of the rich young Cuban broker Charles M. Rosenthal, of New York.

"Honey's" silence in 1931 caused that husband to start serving a 60-year sentence as "finger man" of the gang that kidnaped and held the dapper 24-year-old Rosenthal for a \$100,000 ransom. And now, after six years in which she spent the stolen money trying to pin the guilt on the right man and save her husband, she invited a long prison sentence for indefensible grand larceny, as some retribution for her wronged husband.

It is as astonishing a plea as ever was laid before a governor and it made such an impression that Gov. Lehman of New York has ordered a special investigation. What will be done in the pretty blonde couple has not been decided.

Here is the tragic story of a good and beautiful, nineteen-year-old girl who thought she could say good-bye to that twilight zone just on the edge of the underworld but, like so many others, learned that it can't be done. In 1923, when the demands of Hollywood were mounting salaries in show business, "Honey" Hamilton, a show girl appearing in Ziegfeld's and other Broadway productions, had a little apartment of her very own and was sending money home to her parents on a Connecticut farm. She had a spotless reputation and not a care in the world.

Then things started to happen to "Honey" Hamilton. Before she was twenty she was married to a gambler-boozler named Rosenthal, alias Nick Green. When the honeymoon was over, both husband and wife started to reform each other. Nick got "Honey" to retire from the stage and "Honey" got Nick to drop most of his liquor interests and buy a hotel, the Hotel Vendig.

But she could not get him to stop gambling or refrain from supplying a guest with an occasional bottle, or take much interest in the hotel now that it was his. So she became its roomkeeper and as time went on and a child came, they saw less and less of each other. Nick was taken up with his gambling and, though "Honey" had the hotel and her child, she still felt neglected.



"Honey" Hamilton, Who to Free Her Husband Confessed Her Own Shame.

The Husband—Nicholas Rutigliano, Alias Nick Green, Who "Honey" Says Is Innocent.

The Victim—Charles Rosenthal, the Wealthy New York Broker.

After one of their quarrels, Blumenthal called up and said that if she would follow instructions and not say anything to Nick, he thought he would be able to give her a milk cow. The instructions were that a "Mr. Fletcher" was going to register at the hotel that day, leave a bag containing milk coats in his room, and phone later to say that someone else would call it. "Honey" was to wait that bag carefully until she received further word from Blumenthal.

She was so delighted by her lover's thoughtfulness in this matter that she did not note that his instructions were rather peculiar. Nor, when "Mr. Fletcher" checked in and performed as expected, did she know that he was really Edward Nathan, attorney for Rosenthal, of whose kidnapping more than a fortnight before she had read, nor that a dozen detectives were watching the hotel.

Rosenthal, at the moment, was still in captivity, having been lured there by a young woman named Bettine Green. The kidnapers had contacted the victim's family and arranged for this same "Mr. Fletcher" to leave a bag containing \$50,000 worth of ransom money at the Hotel Vendig.

However, as she went up to "Mr. Fletcher's" room to fetch his bag, all "Honey" knew about the case was what she had read in the papers and all she was thinking about was the coat her lover had promised her. But the moment she saw the bag, she realized that it was too small to hold even one milk coat, let alone the number Blumenthal had mentioned, and all her jealousy and suspicion came back. Indignantly, she opened it and discovered the bundle of ransom money. It did not occur to her that Blumenthal, not daring to mention such a sum on the telephone, had just said milk coats to make her realize the bag was valuable.



The Lover—Marcus Blumenthal, Convicted Kidnap of Rosenthal and "Honey" Hamilton's Victim.

real, she asked if it were going to be made out of \$500 bills.

"Hon!" he said, "you've opened the bag. Well, that's all right, you'll get your coat. A milk will register as Mr. and Mrs. Summer, but there isn't he any Mrs. You give the bag to him. When would be a good time for him to phone you tonight?"

"Honey" recommended between 2 A. M. and 2 P. M. because at that hour her husband would be in a crap game from which nothing less than the fire department could disturb him.

Mr. Summer, later identified as Albert Silas, one of the kidnapers, registered, with a mythical "Mrs." and, at 2:15 A. M. telephoned, but for the first time in their married life Nick had passed up the game and was in his bed, which was closer to the telephone, and in spite of his wife's best footwork, he got to it first.

The quick-thinking Silas, hearing a man's voice, knew something was wrong and asked for a bottle of whiskey. Nick supplied it and soon was snoring again, but "Honey" for the first time, was frightened. Quickly dressing, she went out and telephoned Blumenthal, who arranged to meet her on the corner of Broadway and 125th Street. There she turned over \$25,000 to Blumenthal, who looked surprised, but did not question her statement that it was all there had been. Furthermore he pocketed off \$7,000 and handed it to her.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"You'll find out soon enough. Take it and keep quiet. If anybody asks, you don't know any answers, and don't forget you are as deep in it now as anyone."

Next day, "Honey" fished the other \$25,000 out of the chandelier and added it to her lover's \$7,000 in her girdle, and on August 31, she and her husband were arrested. Blumenthal, a college graduate and "big shot" had

been as stupid as to change one of the "hot" \$500 bills and the cashier of the Harriman National Bank had spotted the number and called the police.

On the way to the police station, she managed to whisper to her puzzled husband that she had \$52,000 of "hot" money on her, at which he almost fainted. At the station they learned that they were wanted in connection with the Rosenthal "snatching," and "Honey" says that her husband, to prove her being searched, made a confession implicating himself. This sacrifice, she says, was made for love of her and their boy, now fourteen years old. His last whispered words were a plea to give the money back. Instead, she sold it for half price to "hot" money specialists in the underworld.

Each day of the long trial, she sat among the spectators in the courtroom, tempted a hundred times to get to her feet and tell what she knew. Instead, she held her peace, listened first to the testimony of her lover, then of her husband, finally heard them both convicted and sentenced to sixty years apiece in the penitentiary.

Albert Silas and Theodore Adloff, Blumenthal's accomplices, received similar sentences, but Bettine Greene, the lure, was released on her plea that she had not known Rosenthal was to be kidnaped. Blumenthal had told her that he just wanted to collect a debt the broker owed him and had been trying to avoid paying.

As the judge pronounced sentence, both Miss Green and Mrs. Rutigliano, nee "Honey" Hamilton, alias Mrs. Green, faintly and had to be carried from the room.

After that, "Honey" told the Hotel Vendig and, at this point, for the first time in a long while, found herself with

little to do but think. Before the affairs of the hotel, her child, and her intrigues with Blumenthal had kept her pretty busy. As though to make up for lost time, her mind and her previously dormant conscience began working twenty-four hours a day. They worked so hard she couldn't sleep. And the longer she thought, the more convinced she became that she had been a fool. She admitted as much in her interview to The American Weekly.

"I discovered," she said, "that my husband had been a marvellous husband, a good provider, and a good father. So why should he suffer for my sins? I want him back again. I want him to be free, so that we can be happy all over again. My conscience started to murder me!"

And, driven by her murderous conscience, the former show girl made up her mind to devote herself to righting the wrong that had been done Nick Green. But at first she shrank from coming forward and making a public confession of her affair with Blumenthal. There must surely be another, less humiliating way, she thought. For example, she knew her husband was convicted so why instead of confessing herself, couldn't she try to find the man who had really played the part in the kidnapping. Nick was supposed to have played to murder me!"

Nick had been convicted as the "finger man" that is, the man who was supposed to have pointed Rosenthal out to the other members of the gang and supplied them with valuable information about him. Who could the

real "finger man" have been?

In an effort to find out, "Honey" Hamilton began consulting the underworld, listening to shady gossip, meeting half of New York's most undesirable citizens. She spent three years in this effort and nearly all of the \$10,000 "cold" money she had obtained from the sale of the "hot." Finally she succeeded in having induced one Jack Selig, alias Jacob Gushkin, for the crime. But the indictment was quashed.

For her activities she received many death threats and once was beaten unmercifully by three strange men. Finally, with her money all gone and a still troubled conscience, the only hope left was tell the whole truth and lay it before the Governor.

But is it the truth? Charles Marvin Rosenthal, victim of the kidnapping and whose mother paid the \$100,000 ransom from which "Honey" helped herself so generously says that he is satisfied that the courts established Nick's guilt beyond reasonable doubt and that he is not interested in the new plea. But Nick's lawyer, Henry A. Lowenberg, of No. 11 West Forty-second Street, states that two of the jurors who convicted him have said that they would not have done so had the evidence about Gushkin been known at the time and two others have written the Governor asking for a new trial.

In Lowenberg's opinion, this woman who knows she is inviting a stiff sentence for grand larceny, is telling the absolute truth though he admits it is stranger than any crime-fiction he ever read.

A Jungle "Brother" for the Baby

BERLIN.

WHAT is probably the most unusual nursery friendship ever formed—between a baby and a young leopard—is now being watched with a great deal of interest by scientists and child psychologists. The baby is the son of a well-known professor living in a suburb of this city who, while giving his permission to publish these pictures, insists on remaining anonymous.

The young leopard was brought to Germany by Lutz Heck, general manager of the Berlin Zoo, when he returned from an expedition in East Africa. He brought the cub to the professor's house one evening and, as it appeared harmless, permitted the baby to play with it.

The baby took to the cub immediately, showing not the least fear of the spotted "kitty." The two appeared to be having so much fun together that when the professor suggested to Mr. Heck that the cub be permitted to remain for a day or two, he readily agreed.

The days stretched into weeks and the cub stayed in the professor's house. Mr. Heck decided that as long as the cub remained harmless it would be all right to leave him in the nursery with the baby.

At present the two are inseparable. They sleep together in the nursery and when feeding time comes each gets a bottle of warm milk.

According to Mr. Heck the diet of the cub is about the same as that of a human baby, thus no special food is given to the leopard who is thriving and growing daily.

Of course, as Mr. Heck points out, when the cub is old enough to eat meat, the odd friendship will have to



The Leopard Has Heard the Baby Cry and Is Crawling Out of Their Play Pen to Find Out What's Wrong With His Pal.

be broken up and the leopard taken to the zoo and caged just as any wild animal is.

"No matter how friendly the leopard may be at present and despite his evident affection for the baby, he probably will have to be removed after he has had his first taste of meat," said

Mr. Heck.

"He will reach a point in his growth soon where he will crave meat and we are watching for this very carefully. As soon as he does reach this point, he will cease being a harmless plaything and become a potential menace. Even if he is given all the meat to eat that he can possibly hold, he is still dangerous. He may not attack the baby for some time, but the possibility is always there and sooner or later he

would attempt it, for leopards are notoriously treacherous."

Meanwhile, child psychologists are observing the effect of the cub on his human companion closely.



One of the Most Remarkable Nursery Pictures Ever Taken, Showing the German Youngster and His Playmate Cub from the African Jungles, Having Their Afternoon Battle of Milk Together. The Leopard Is Fed the Same Formula as the Baby and Seems to Be Thriving on the Diet.

Queen's Costume Unusual and Uncomfortable

THE custom of electing "queens" for this and that and using the good-looking and graceful young women to glorify everything from apples to cantilever bridges is producing some remarkable regal outfits. Perhaps the most unusual costume of this sort to appear in the country for many a season is shown in the photograph at the left.

Her Royal Highness in this case is Miss Lucile McAninch, one of the more comely citizens of Klamath Falls, Oregon. The title which she acquired recently is "Queen of Pines" because the section of the country in which she lives is said to have the finest areas of pine forest from coast to coast, and the biggest sawmills converting such trees into usable lumber.

The powers-that-be in that neighborhood looked over the available prospects for the royal job and happily decided that Miss McAninch is everything they hoped for. She has a pretty face, a charming smile and a figure that would attract the eyes of judges in any contest of pulchritude. So she was duly crowned amid an atmosphere of celebration and requested, before the coronation, to select some outfit that would in some way, glorify and publicize the fact that Oregon has plenty of pine trees and big ones. She came through with an ensemble that, in the opinion of Oregonians, couldn't have been improved upon. The entire outfit was fashioned of cones picked from the forest floor.

Somewhat the manner in which the cones were arranged made them appear to be more or less well suited to usefulness as wearing apparel, but the Queen frankly admitted that the gadgets which grow on big pine trees leave something to be desired in the way of comfort. The objects are as prickly as a porcupine.

It was all right as long as she stood still, smiling at her subjects. But the moment she began to walk or attempted to sit down, she realized that the attractiveness

of the outfit was not matched by that other requisite of fashion—reasonable comfort.

Other queens, within the past few months, have paraded in royal raiment fashioned of spinach, beet-tips, red peppers, blossoms picked from the branches of a dozen different species of trees. But even the most impractical of these coronation dresses were not as unkind on the person as the pine-cone creation.

The pine-cone suit was obviously, patterned after some of the up-to-the-minute bathing bags.

Foils Auto Thieves With Snakes

WHEN passersby look into the parked car of Howard Weiden, Jr. of Wilmington, Delaware, and see large blacksnakes coiled comfortably on the front seat, their eyes are not deceiving them even if they keep right on going without stopping to take a second look. They are real snakes all right and they are Weiden's insurance against having his car stolen. He couldn't have a better policy.

Weiden put his novel "snake insurance" idea into practice about two

years ago after seeing a motion picture which showed how the Hiss Indians trained snakes. Knowing the average person's instinctive fear of snakes, he decided to demand his regular insurance and train some blacksnakes to guard his car.

He caught several snakes not far from Wilmington, brought them home in a sack and within a short time had them sufficiently trained to coil up on the front seat of the car when he drove around.

Members of Great Britain's Royal Corps of Signals Doing Two of the Thrilling and Dangerous Stunts That, as Motorcyclists, Make Them as Celebrated as the Hard-Riding Russian Cossacks.



England's Motorized "Cossacks"

LONDON.

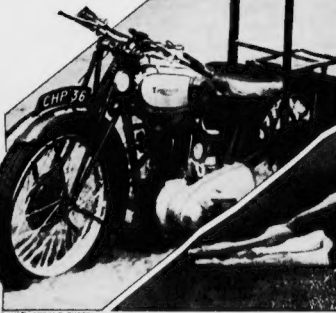
ALTHOUGH the horsemanship of Canadian Mounties may be the toast of the Louvre, England is developing a troop of motorized "cossacks" that can put its mechanical steeds through almost as many stunts as real horses can perform. This was shown at the 50th Annual Tring Agricultural Show recently when the Royal Corps of Signals gave a display of trick motorcycle riding that thrilled thousands of spectators.

The "mounts" of the Signal Corps riders are service motorcycles which they use in the course of their army duties. Cross-country riding over broken terrain when carrying dispatches, leaping ditches, climbing steep hills and even dashing through water holes and brooks are all part of the training of the signal men for perfecting them in their work and as a result they have become crack riders.

Like sailors who go rowboating on their days off, the signal men during recreation periods have been practicing stunt riding. One of their favorite games is "follow the leader" on motorcycles in which the man who fails to do all the stunts that the others do has to stand treat, for all.

"Cossack riding" or standing on the seats of their mechanized mounts while riding at high speed is one of the simpler stunts which they practice. "Pyramids," in which several men ride on one motorcycle, and "Roman riding," in which one man rides two motorcycles are two others. They can duplicate nearly all the tricks which an American cowboy can do on his pony, such as picking up a handkerchief and riding head down and feet up in the air.

Two of the stunts which especially thrilled the spectators who saw them perform recently are shown at the right. One shows "The Leap for Life" in which the rider hurdles over a prone man and horse with plenty of room to spare. The other picture shows a signal rider on top of a ladder while his motorcycle is traveling at a good clip.



Miss Lucile McAninch, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, Was Called Upon as the State's "Queen of Pines" to Wear This Unusual and Very Uncomfortable "Regal" Costume of Pine Cones. The Setup, However, Turned Out to Have Genuine Charm.

Puzzling Finish of Mme. Ganna Walska's Prima Donna Dream

Four Husbands, Scores of Critics and Expensive Failures
 Couldn't Convince Her She Wasn't the Greatest Grand
 Opera Star, So Many Wonder Why When She Took
 England's Greatest Noise Expert for Husband

No. 5, She
 Declared She
 Wouldn't Try
 to Sing Any
 More

LONDON, Sept. 3. — **M**ME. GANNA WALSKA, whose twenty-five-year struggle to be an operatic star has been a dismal failure, but who has succeeded in marrying \$125,000,000 worth of husbands, has finally admitted that she cannot sing. At the same time it was announced here that she is about to marry her fifth husband, Harry Grindell-Matthews, who invented the "practical death-ray" and who probably knows as much as any other man alive about the vibrations that cause sound, pleasant or otherwise.

Then could it be that this distinguished inventor has turned some sort of "death-ray" of cold practical truth upon the lovely lady's unreasonable ambition, convincing her at last in some scientific manner that it is quite hopeless?

A great many people have tried in one way or another to make Mme. Walska realize that her voice is not good enough for grand opera, and most of them have been unkind about it, if not downright brutal.

The mayor of Nice issued an order forbidding her to sing again in his city, after her first performance, because he was afraid if she did it again she would ruin the city. She retired to a theatre in Paris and gave away the tickets, but none of the invited guests walked out before the performance was over. But despite the distressing things that happened to her she kept right on for a quarter of a century, doggedly trying to be a great operatic star, with time, and now and then, to marry another husband.

So far she has married four of them: Baron Alexandre d'Engoren, a Russian army officer; Dr. Joseph Frankel, a famous neurologist; Alexander Smith Cochran, the "crazy king"; and Harold F. McCormick, but in none of the International Harvester Company millions and their aggregate wealth has been estimated at \$125,000,000. All these husbands had believed in her genius, encouraged her, and had done all they could to make her a success—but then none of them knew much about music or vibration. And she lost them, some by "natural causes" and some by divorce.

Then she met Mr. Grindell-Matthews, and long afterwards she wrote to a friend that she had at last been convinced that she could not sing. Certainly no one could be better qualified than Mr. Grindell-Matthews to point out just why a voice is unsuitable for grand opera. A voice, good or bad, is nothing but vibration, and he is one of the world's leading experts on that subject. His famous "death-ray" which is a vibration of the ether, somewhat similar to radio waves, is supposed to blow up munition dumps and make airplanes come tumbling down out of the sky. So it may be that he has succeeded in performing another scientific miracle by making Mme. Walska's pathetic aspirations come tumbling down from the clouds.

No one knows just how he did it, if he did do it, but in the days when "talkies" were first being developed he was frequently called in as a consulting expert to show sound-track engineers how to improve their methods of recording so the actors would not hear their own voices.

So perhaps he recorded her voice on a sound-track, projecting the shaky lines made by the vibration upon a large screen, where she could see just what is wrong with it.

Psychologists say that the impressions received in early life have the deepest and most lasting effect, and that may be the reason Mme. Walska clung so long to the belief that she could be a famous singer. A seventeen-year-old Polish girl, named Hannah Poesz, who was performing in a cabaret in Kiev, Russia, and one night she sang a sprightly, thin little song that began:

"Isn't it a shame to sleep—why don't you wait?"

Right away, an admirer who knew more about flutter than he did noise, implanted deep in her mind the impression that she was a genius by telling



Harry Grindell-Matthews, Distinguished English Sound Expert and Inventor of the "Death-Ray" With One of His Apparatuses, and Mme. Ganna Walska, Whose Fifth Husband He Will Be, Singing at the Paris.



Mme. Ganna Walska, Baroness d'Engoren-Frankel-Cochran-McCormick. When She First Was Seized With Her Overwhelming Ambition to Become the Greatest Grand Opera Prima Donna.

her she should study for the opera, and suggested she call herself Walska, taken from the word "wait." Soon after that she married Baron Alexandre d'Engoren, a Russian army officer, who did everything he could to get managers to give her a chance. But one day she tore up her music, threw it in his face and left him for a divorce.

She kept on believing she was an unappreciated genius and finally reached New York. But when the Metropolitan Opera turned her down it was such a blow that she suffered a nervous breakdown, which turned out to be a long illness in disguise.

It sent her to the wealthy neurologist, Dr. Joseph Frankel, who at first looked at her in a strictly scientific frame of mind, seeing her merely as another patient. But Ganna's keen, roving eye noticed something on his desk which enabled her to knock him out of that cold, scientific attitude.

"Why, doctor," she interrupted, "I see you have my picture on your desk."

In surprise, Dr. Frankel looked from her to the picture and then told her it was the photograph of the girl he had loved twenty years before. But it did bear a striking resemblance to Mme. Walska, so much so that he no longer looked the more he felt she

was the reincarnation of his lost love. Their marriage gave Ganna the backing not only of wealth but influence. Mr. Frankel soon arranged for new auditions at the Metropolitan. But once again there was a shaking of heads and then someone said:

"Now we know that love is not only blind but tone-deaf."

So Mme. Walska went to Havana, to sing "Thais," but they forgot to tell her that it was an old Spanish cello down there for audiences to shout the Spanish equivalent of "out!" when they are displeased. When they exercised that privilege on the aspiring prima donna she thought they wanted her to come out for a curtain call at the end of the first act, and proceeded to do so. This error produced such an uproar of ridicule that she became furious and shouted back at them, until the manager was forced to ring down the curtain and appease the audience by paying back the price of admission.

Soon after that catastrophe, Dr. Frankel died, leaving his widow \$200,000 and a fine New York house.

For some time the ambitious young woman sustained nothing but defeats on the operatic battlefields, and then one day she had another inspiration.

Reaching for the telephone she called Harold F. McCormick, the financial sponsor of the Chicago Opera Company, and asked him for an interview.

Mme. Walska's voice may not be a grand opera voice—but it is a genius, one just the same. At the end of her talk, Mr. McCormick hung up the receiver with a sigh and like a man in a trance, he was heard to say:

"A woman's voice of genius' timbre has just spoken my name."

She got the interview and also his backing, but before rehearsals started she made a trip to Europe, and there was another of those odd coincidences. On the same boat traveled Harold and his \$400,000,000 friend, Alexander Smith Cochran, the "crazy king," known then as America's richest bachelor. Ganna was introduced to him, of course, and before long the golden vibrations of her voice worked so powerfully on him that before the ship docked he offered himself as an

eighty-million-dollar bridegroom on which she was invited to wait to operate triumphs. Ganna promptly accepted, and she said the reason was that the spirit of Dr. Frankel ap-

peared to her and told her Mr. Cochran was the right prescription.

This marriage saddened Harold, but he couldn't complain very much, because at the time he was married to the former Edith Rockefeller, who was plenty of use for any man. Even so, he went ahead with plans to star Mme. Walska in "Zaza." But at the first rehearsal, at Ganna's voice a sail to have cracked on the high notes, making Tito Ruffo, the baritone, and Gino Marinuzzi, the director, clap their hands to their ears and wince in anguish. This threw Ganna into a tantrum, but she did not appear in "Zaza," and McCormick was quoted as saying that her high notes may have been a little weak but that was due to the nervous strain over her marriage to Cochran, which, he contended, was all a mistake anyway.

How much of a mistake came out of a few months later when Ganna put a divorce from Cochran, explaining that the spirit of Dr. Frankel had appeared to her again, telling her to do it—which all goes to show that even spirits can make their little errors. It was said that the settlement that went with the divorce was \$500,000.

Harold then freed himself from love. It is a daughter at a cost stated to have been nearly half of his \$5,000,000 fortune, and married the prima donna.

At this point, Ganna decided that the only thing that was holding her back was stage fright. She sang pleasingly enough in a small town, before an intimate audience, but as soon as she got up on the stage in a large auditorium, her throat tightened up and nothing came out but ear-splitting squeals.

That, she recalled, was somewhat similar to Telly's experience, and when she heard that a grouse-like little orchestra leader with hypnotic powers, named Walter Straram, was supposed to be a second Stravinsky, she tried him

to make her sing beautifully by putting her into a trance.

There were reports that the scheme was working but unfortunately fell at rehearsal, and then came the night when it was tried out at a concert in Berlin. Still something went wrong. Perhaps the spotlight got in Ganna's eyes and prevented her from seeing the sea of the typhoid who stood in the orchestra pit. At any rate, one critic said that "she hurried herself at the music and was thrown for a loss." Out came the same old opera, which made the audience stare at Straram while the audience giggled.

But even that did not make her lose faith in herself, and for the next five years she resolutely pursued her career," said Harold's money, until she finally became discouraged over his inability to help her over. So there was a separation, and Harold said:

"I have been deeply disillusioned by this marriage."

Yet he waited another five years, until 1931, before divorcing her on the grounds of desertion. It was reported that she got no alimony but gave him a quitclaim to her dowry and all other rights in consideration for a fourth of his International Harvester Company stock. Her share was estimated to be worth about \$200,000 in cash.

Nobody knows how much she has created from her four husbands, but her accumulation included the famous emerald which Emperor Napoleon III gave to his friend Countess Castiglione, and which were once valued at \$1,200,000.

Overlooking the present state of the jewel market, they probably aren't worth that now, but Ganna recently sold them to the Countess von Hauwitz-Reventlow, the former Baroness Hutton, the Woolworth heiress who is not in the habit of buying ten-cent store jewelry.

Mr. Grindell-Matthews, who is fifty-seven years old, is also wealthy, but it seems unlikely that he will be called upon to spend any of his money trying to make Ganna a grand opera star. Someone has evidently convinced her at last that it just can't be done, and there is good reason to believe that he was the one, because he has succeeded in many other difficult feats that were thought to be impossible.

The Fears That Torment Our Journey Through Life



The Fear of Love Troubles the Selfish Man So That He Often Cannot Look Into the Eyes of the Lady. The Bat-winged Shadow That Passes Between Them Is the Fear of Death, Which Tortures the Egotist Who Cannot Love Anybody Except Himself.

Gloomy Philosophical Drawings of How Thoughts of Death Strike at Unexpected Times, Even in Love



The Blind and Unguided March of Mankind Is Full of Terror. A Single Mistake Will Mean Death, Because There Is No Protecting Rail to Prevent a Fall to the Street Below, Where the Shadow of Death, Projected on the House Opposite, Reaches Down for a Passing Victim.



The Fear of Passing Time Distorts the Faces of the Crowd Watching Life Go By in the Thinking of the Eternal Clock. The Hours Are Shown as Beautiful Women and the Clock Is a Goblin to Illustrate the Perpetual Passing of Joy Into Death. The Face of the Clock Reflects Its Fearful Masking.

READERS of The American Weekly will remember a recent page of fantastic drawings by Carlo Farneti dealing with modern social problems. He is the Italian artist who has startled broad Continental cities by coloring their brains over the work of his gloomy and satirical imagination. With the artist's thought he gets at the work of reality, and the ideas he portrays are not nearly as charming as their execution is delicate. From the dark fringes of thought he hurls back grim philosophical ways of looking at things. He finds life a difficult journey full of fearful phantoms.

The main face of the beautiful woman, pictured in the upper left hand corner of the page, shows she has nothing to fear. Eternity is in her gaze and death means nothing to her. But after the man, is not able to look into her eyes, because of a shadow which passes between. This shadow, above nothing, appears with the wings of a life-eating cat and with a grinding-shout trailing, is the

man's fear of death. This man is shown small because that is the way he feels beneath her powerful gaze. Farneti knows that the fear of dying is greatest in those having an intense love for themselves, the Narcissists. The man in the picture does not love the woman as much as he loves himself, therefore he fears death for himself and fears to look into the eyes of real, unselfish love. He is afraid that by giving himself completely to this woman, he will die sooner than he otherwise might. But he knows that because of this fear, he is cheating her and there can be no happiness for them.

Next to this drawing is another which the artist has titled, "Fear of Death." In this, mankind is shown to be like blind men, feeling the way along a high road which has no safety rail along the side to keep them. If they make a misstep, from crashing down to the stone-paved street below. For a while the sun shines upon them and they are happy, although they

must always be prepared to fall to destruction. But later, with the coming of dusk, they are not able to guide themselves by the warm sun nor by the moon street below. In the grim silence of night they often plunge to death. The last of the blind men is shown carrying a violin, and even this, which represents the solace of art, does not seem to be enough to make up for the fearful recognition of death on his face.

In Farneti's third picture, "The Fear of Time," mankind is represented as a crowd gazing at the clock of death

shaped like a yffin and whose hours are the rapturous figures of joy. This "eternal clock," which is watched with the fascination born of fear by mankind, goes perpetually on, its distorted face reflecting human dream.

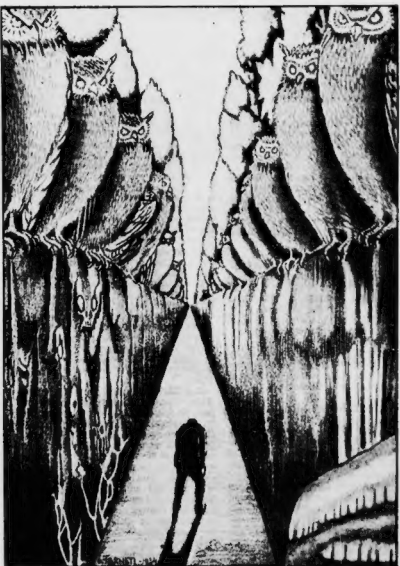
The picture at left in the lower group is titled, "Fear of Age." It shows the lover comforting the unhappy girl who has just seen an old woman and realizes that she too will lose her charms. For a moment, fear is stronger than love, and she is lost in the air as if to warn of a gathering storm whose clouds hover dark and forbud-

ding. More puzzling is Farneti's fear-drawn reproduced in the center below. The figure, illustrating the "Fear of Life," is shown struggling without hope along the long road of life. He is so discouraged as the idea of living, day after day that he wants to give up, die at once, and get it over with. The feeling of fear arouses the desire to escape, but what makes death most terrible for this artist is the fact that it cannot be escaped. Therefore, the man in the drawing is thinking of suicide because he cannot stand the suspense of waiting for what is certain to come. It is the wish for relief from the awful waiting and going ahead with life, according to Farneti, which makes a man and his life. Death in this picture is represented by the jaws of a dragon which is slithering along in back of the weary man. The man must be brave the forward movement of the life-struggle, death is right behind him to swallow him up. Catlike and grinning skulls can be seen in the

woods to the left and show the terror that each day brings to those who cannot forget their impending doom. It is a grimy mood of what Shakespear said, that "rewards me many times before their death." Everyone has seen trees which look like grotesque human beings. Farneti has taken this natural fact as a fearful theme for death. He completes the grim panel with "Fear of Fading," which is an illustration of how death is an infection passing on from the dying to the growing. The young plants look at the old tree and are impressed the tree makes open them, in raising their fears of death, is drawn as fumes creeping from the decayed trunk to faint the living generation. Interestingly enough, the artist has shown these fumes taking the shape of smoke grains, so that the very spirit of youth goes into the fumes. By this he makes it clear that it is in the nature of everything to die, and for death to be transmitted from generation to generation.



The Lover, Trying to Comfort the Girl Who Has Suddenly Realized That Her Beauty Will Fade Into This Skeleton, Which Is Really Faded Beauty Trying to Hold On to Its Vanities. But the Lover Also Is Frightened by the Thought of Losing Her.



A Tired Man, Discouraged by the Endless Road of Life, Loses Courage and Wants to Give Up the Struggle Forward. Death Is a Dragon Slithering Along Just Behind Him, and the Moment He Stops, Death Will Gobble Him Up. All Through Life That Man Is Just One Step Ahead of Death.



The Tree Is Here a Symbol of Death, the Example of Which Frightens the Young Plants, Which Do Not Want to Fade and Grow Old Like It. This Fear Is Made to Look Like Fumes, Which Transfer the Disease of Death to the Living and Doom Them.

London's 18-ft. Cobra, Longest Poison Snake Ever Caught

Peculiar Difficulties of Handling a Giant Hamadryad, Most Venomous, Most Intelligent and Most Vicious of Serpents, Which Has to Be Fed Through a Ceiling Trap-door and Can Eat Only Smaller Snakes Brought from 10,000 Miles Away

The King Cobra at the London Zoo With Its Hood Extended. When Coiled, Its 18-Foot Length Occupies Scarcely a Square Foot of Area.

LONDON, Sept. 20. THE London Zoological Gardens have just extended a cautious welcome to its latest guest—a giant King Cobra, the deadliest snake in the world. While no one has ventured close enough to the great snake to apply a tape measure to him it is estimated that he is over eighteen feet in length—by far the largest of his species ever known. The ordinary Indian Cobra seldom exceeds six or eight feet in length.

Not even the elephant, ordinarily lord of the jungle can withstand the venom of the King Cobra. An elephant bitten by the serpent just received in London would die within six hours so violent is its poison.

The new arrival at the zoo was captured in the Malayan jungles by St. Alban Smith and was sent to London from Singapore. From the moment of his capture, the big snake presented complex transportation problems. The officials at the zoo, where old P. T. Barnum bought Jumbo, the largest elephant in the world, were astounded when they learned how large the cobra actually was. King Cobras twelve feet in length are considered fair-sized snakes, and the longest ever recorded before was but fifteen feet long.

St. Alban Smith sold his part of the eighteen-foot headless by building a cage about twice the strength of the ordinary snake cage and in this cage accompanied by five small members of his family the cobra traveled 10,000 miles to his new home on the other side of the world.

That relieved Mr. Smith of his worry but heaped a pile of new worries on the heads of the zoological garden officials. King Cobras, or Hamadryads, to give them their technical name, are the most savage and malicious of all the snake family. Where the ordinary poisonous snake is content to escape from trouble if permitted, the King Cobra has been known to go out of its way to attack humans, and if the quarry dies to chase it. In India cobras far smaller than this eighteen-foot giant are said to account for 20,000 deaths each year.

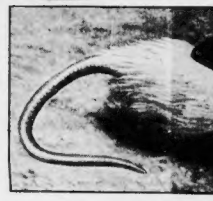
Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, of New York, one of the world's foremost authorities on snakes, says in his book, "Reptiles of the World," that, in addition to its own disposition, the King Cobra is one of the most intelligent of all snakes.

In order to make certain that their eighteen feet of fanged wrath has no chance to take an unwary keeper or a visitor at the zoo, officials have arranged the snake-house to receive his majesty. In place of the old open windows with open tops and plate-glass panes the new house is a covered cage, fronted with windows of shatter-proof glass.

If irritated and the sight of a human is usually sufficient to irritate a cobra, the serpent rears up and spreads its hood glaring at the source of their irritation and flicking their tongues with lightning speed. They often strike their heads crashing into the glass, vision tripping from their fangs. In order that the big



King Cobra will have no need of a cage. It is a large, allied with water, where the big snake spends many of his waking hours, refreshing himself.



Remarkable Photograph of a Black Cobra Swallowing a Big Wood Rat—This Snake Can Shoot Poison Out of Its Fangs Straight at the Eyes of Anything Several Feet Away With All the Deadly Accuracy of an Old-Time Western Gunman—Having Blinded Its Prey, It Proceeds to Swallow It.

Feeding of the reptile is another worry. Fortunately for the financial balance of the zoo, the snake eats only once every two weeks but when he does eat it is an expensive meal, costing some \$20 to prepare. Actually the preparation is fairly simple. A couple of his snakes about six feet long, but considerably larger in girth than the cobra, are dropped into the cage. The cobra eats the rest. But he is particularly what he eats and the meal he has to be imported from his own country—they must be Malayan jungle snakes. In the wilds the cobra often takes other poisonous snakes turning cannibal at times and devouring a member of his own family. Apparently they are immune to the poison of their relatives. But in the zoo, to prevent any possible accident, they are fed a non-poisonous snake.

After the two hapless snakes that are to be its meal are dropped into the cobra's den, through a trap-door at the top, they quickly either to a far corner of the cage. The cobra, several feet of its length reared upright, and its hood extended as always at the first sign of possible danger, glides toward them. So rapidly that the human eye can't follow, his head, jaws wide open and fangs extended, flukes out and

grasps one of the shorter snakes around the body. Then, slowly and methodically, he swallows it. It is a slow process, but the cobra's jaws along the length of the whole snake's body until finally he has grasped the head of its prey in its mouth.

The Cobra of Capello, or Spectacled Cobra, a Relative of the King Cobra, Whose Bite Is Credited With the Death of 20,000 People Annually in India.

The fact that the shorter snake is far bigger than the cobra's head under normal conditions presents no problem to the big snake. A serpent's jaw is especially constructed to allow its mouth to expand to almost unbelievable dimensions. The snake's lower jaw, unlike that of a human being, is constructed with two bones, connected by a cord of muscle. This muscle can be stretched until many snakes can swallow prey three or four times their own girth.

The snake's body, too, expands to allow for his food and after a snake has eaten a particularly large object his middle may be so greatly expanded that each individual scale stands out

of the dinner until their jaws meet when one of them simply expands, his mouth a bit wider and slowly swallows his reluctant prey as well as his intended food. Keepers watch constantly while the snakes are feeding, and in the event two cobras go for the same meal drive one away with a long pole.

In Reptiles of the World, Dr. Ditmars, who in his long experience has handled thousands of snakes, declares that the cobra is the most dangerous snake in existence. Python, boa and even many of the poisonous snakes become docile in captivity and are reasonably tame. Some snakes, notably several members of the python family and the boa family, are of the sort of serpents seen coiled around the neck of the snake-charmer in a circus side-show. They become actively affectionate, often refusing to take food except from the hands of their owners. But the cobra never makes up with man.

After years in captivity they remain as savagely hostile as when first reprieved from the wild. One pair of cobras in the reptile house of the New York Zoological Park for more than three years are as vicious today. Dr. Ditmars says as they were when they were received. A slight wave of the hand will throw them into a frenzy of anger, and they will stand erect, hoods spread, hissing savagely for as long as an hour if the irritation is continued.

When striking they flick their heads forward with a lightning fast motion, onto some part of their quarry's leg and then, with a twisting motion, strike as many as a half-dozen wounds with their poison fangs. In the act of striking they expel venom from the poison glands above the fangs and the poison spurts ahead of the striking head. If this stream of poison entered a person's eye it would cause blindness or even death.

Yet despite its mean temper, the cobra displays intelligence greater than that of any other snake. In a series of tests conducted to determine what brains, if any, a cobra possessed, Dr. Ditmars placed a box, with a hole in its top, in a cobra den. The snake learned that it could glide into the box, through the top and hide an inclination to crawl about all snakes. The snake could not, however, see the entrance to the box from its normal position on the floor of the den.

A similar box was then placed in another room and the cobra, captured by means of a rocket stick, was carried into the strange room and released. It immediately flung itself erect, its wicked eyes flashing hatred,



The Giant Cobra on the Edge of Its Bath in Its London Cage, Which Has a Breakable Glass Window for the Protection of Those Who Want to Look at It.

working some object to attack. Finding nothing to vent its rage on, the serpent dropped out of its fighting pose, leaning against the cage again for a moment, and then moved over to the box, climbed in it, and hid.

The snake repeated this action many times proving that it was not mere accident. When a similar box was placed in a den containing other varieties of snakes they too eventually discovered it as a good hiding place. When, however, the snakes were moved to a strange room, equipped with an exactly similar box, they paid no attention to it, starting all around the room in their effort to hide, often passing close by the box but apparently never associating it with the hiding place they had discovered in their own den.

Another example of cobra intelligence noticed by Dr. Ditmars occurs at their feeding times when the snakes glide to the windows of their cages, raise their heads to the level of the glass and turn their heads from side to side, following with their eyes the motion of the keepers as they move about feeding the other serpents. This cobra never makes up with man.

The poison of the big King Cobra causes a chemical change in human blood, thinning the blood out to such an extent that death follows unless immediate medical aid is at hand. A universal must be applied above such a wound as quickly as possible, and then two deep incisions, criss-crossing each other must be made directly over each place the fang has pierced. The poison, or as much of it as possible, is then removed from the wound by sucking. A solution of potassium permanganate is then applied to the wound, and used as a mouth-wash by the person who has sucked the poison. This solution serves to neutralize the poison. This treatment may be used in nearly any sort of poisonous snake bite.

Such snakes as the big King Cobra in the London Zoo, however, are seldom handled. "We don't belong to a museum," says a keeper, "we are a zoo, and when asked whether he had ever actually measured the snake, 'With the smaller snakes you get a tape measure to catch their heads in a stretched stick and pull them to the floor, where they are helped to a scale. A sample meter to grab them directly behind the head. They can do so damage then, but when you get eighteen feet of snake in one piece with a disposition like a buzz-saw, and death in both fangs, you just don't fool around with them.'"

The Cobra di Capello, or Spectacled Cobra, little brother of the big King Cobra, whose picture is also shown on this page, is the more common variety and in spite of the fact that it seldom exceeds six or eight feet in length, is one of the most dreaded snakes in the world. In India where the cobra kills go about half a million the cobra di Capello causes more than 20,000 deaths a year. A total of nearly two-thirds of the many deaths are accounted for by automobile accidents in the United States each year.

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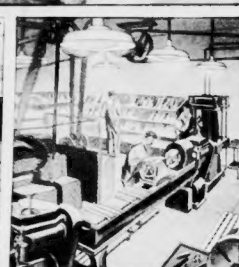


The new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps help solve the Light Conditioning problem in the average living room, because they are scientifically designed to give several times as much useful light as ordinary lamps. Light

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Light Conditioning helps in a Cleveland factory. Eye research has proven that in that plant production is up more than 30% and it has been found that eye strain is down 10%. Today, the factory is a model of light conditioning.

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THE FIRST STEP IN LIGHT CONDITIONING . . . CHANGE TO THE NEW AND BRIGHTER MAZDA LAMPS MADE BY
GENERAL ELECTRIC

This Scoundrel-Looking Insect Wears a Mask Which Is a Kind of Extensible Jaw That Can Be Used As a Trap to Catch Living Food. The Water Dragon, or Nymph of the Dragon Fly, Is Called. Then Pulls the Mask Over the Chin and Face With a Long "Arm."

PHOTO
REVEALS CLARKE

Deadly Weapons,

A large, detailed illustration of a shark's head, shown in profile facing right. The shark's mouth is wide open, revealing rows of sharp, pointed teeth. The illustration is highly detailed, showing the texture of the shark's skin and the structure of its jaw. The eye is visible, and the overall style is reminiscent of classic pulp magazine artwork.

Nothing is moving in the net, so it tries to shoot through between its strands and one of its wings touches a sticky spot, slewing the little aircraft around until other parts become glued. To the fly it is only an unexplainable crash for

The jumpers need sharp sight but some of their cousins get along though apparently almost blind, depending on one of the strange stupidities of the insect world. The almost blind spider gropes its way along until it finds a well traveled track, a sort of insect highway, and there plants itself, like a blind beggar on a street corner.

One of the most terrifying killers of the insect world is the water dragon, a nymph who has hatched from a dragon fly's egg and, after one to three years of submarine life, according to his species, will climb out into the air, take off his wet coat and his three pairs of pants and rise in the world as a dragon fly himself. This is the fellow who wears a mask and he leaves that with his

When the dragon surprises his victim and jumps forward for the kill, he removes that mask, not identifying himself in a spirit of bravado, but because that mask is his chief, deadly weapon of assault. The contraption has a hinge in the middle and another where it joins his face. With the aid of the two, he projects it endwise a considerable distance in front of him. At the forward end it is a pair of powerful muscles, with which he grips the startled prey. Then the mask then bends backward, pulling the victim within range of his real face and mouth, which proceeds to devour him.

A Common House Fly
geser, of Minneapolis.
Greatly

One looked at an enlarged cinematograph of the masked dragon or of the spider's fiendish face with its glittering eyes sticking out of the top would make anyone suspect their evil character. Most of the other insect assassins also have their villainy stamped on their countenances. The assassin flies, the assassin beetle, the assassin bug, the assassin wasp, the assassin spider—all of them look the part. The only insect that the average citizen has difficulty picturing as a villain is the mosquito, so others will be afraid to take advantage of them.

The ant, though a fighter when its anger or jealousy is aroused, is that when it gets a chance, and in many ways a public nuisance, does more good than harm and its homely, staid appearance, with a pair of anxiously waving antennae and businesslike mandibles, expresses its character.

There is no insect more common than the house fly, which is thicker than a thread and is the insect

The pretty little lady bug is as good in its behavior as in looks from man's point of view but from that of the ant, a rascal and marplot. The lady bug settles on the spots where the ant shepherds are not on the job all the time, will eat up the whole flock in short order.

Bees have serious flocks from which one would rightly assume that they will stand no trifling but have no evil designs against anyone who is not a bee. They are not so much as the ant and landlabe are the woolly flocks of most moths and butterflies. These not only ask to be let

Bees have serious faces from which one would rightly assume that they will stand no trifling but have no evil designs against anyone who lets them and their hive strictly alone. Sweet and lamblike are the woolly faces of most moths and butterflies. These not only ask to be let



The Everyday Struggle of the Spider and the Fly Would Be a Shocking Drama of Monsters in a Fight to the Death If Our Eyes Magnified More. The Spider Traps the Sturdy Cables of Her Web, But Knows Her Own Trap and Steps Carefully to Avoid the Sticky Parts Into Which the Fly Blundered. The Powerful Fangs on the Spider Are Lifted and Sunk Into the Flesh of the Agonized Fly. Poison Then Spurts Through Holes in the Fangs, Paralyzing the Fly So That Its Blood Can Be Drained Without Resistance from the Murderer's Victim.



The "Doodlebug" or Ant Lion Is a Savage Killer That Hides in a Sandy Pit and Waits for Its Prey, Yet Later It Develops Into the Pretty and Harmless Marsh Fly.

Wiersma, P. (1992).
Statistics for the behavioral sciences.
 Boston, MA: Allyn and Bacon.
 Yule, K. (1993). *Statistics for the behavioral sciences*.
 Boston, MA: Allyn and Bacon.

the aphids, and the aphids, in turn, carry the virus of aphid-borne yellowing of grapes (plant) and then carefully spots in the garden of growing vines destroy. The aphids are enjoyed by the ant

is as good in its
n's point of view
usual and marplot
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all the time, will
order

in which one would stand no triffing against anyone who sits alone. Sweetness of most moths only ask to be let

I've read a lot of other books that said if anyone makes their bed, it looks at them and says, "I've read that anyone that does and never gets a mosquito like that of the way, and because they keep their bed made up like the little paper airplane, it's disturbed and the mosquito is disturbed." I don't see anything that says that. I mean, if there's a moth, the moth also straightens his back when he wants to dip it deep down into the pillow, he goes to the bottom of a pillow.

The grasshopper has a head like a horse, and the other end of him a kick a thousand times more powerful in proportion to size; but the middle is a "horse sense," always leaping before he loses, and often landing in trouble. Birds that love the grasshopper in spite of its folly have learned to flit around farm animals and even men, passing through meadows, to catch the hoppers.

The cricket, another crazy jumper, is as clownish as his face suggests. When not jumping blindly he foolishly advertises his whereabouts by an endless chirping, a habit which is now costing him dear. A few years ago the Federal Government imported and bred great quantities of a big carnivorous insect, the praying mantis, in the hope that it would destroy the Japanese beetle and other pests. The mantises were scattered around the country from airplanes.

Coming to earth in a strange world, the first thing the stranger heard that night was a chirping. Being lonesome he quietly walked over in the direction of the music and liked the musician so well that he ate him. The mantis has eaten so many crickets and katydids that last Summer in

Since 1978, 17 other countries have been added to the list.

[illegible]

As the number of variables in the model increases, the number of parameters to be estimated increases. This is a problem because the number of parameters to be estimated is often greater than the number of observations. This is a problem because the number of parameters to be estimated is often greater than the number of observations. This is a problem because the number of parameters to be estimated is often greater than the number of observations.

[illegible]

Faintly and weakly the insect's feeble bug seems to be the insect once again before this conqueror with monstrous eyes so that he can see equally well toward the way and the other side, thus, in the case of the insect, at the bottom. The sides of the pit are heavily built so that the insect can't fly out of it. In itself the foot will start a little, but the bringing the insect with it. He can't get out of the other poor wanderer who, thus, is about to die in the pit. The trespasser will soon be there, we can see, that is, of such him as is not in the ant hole.

The heavy footsteps of a man are easily followed where he has tramped through mud, sand or soft earth but once he gets onto a concrete sidewalk the most powerful magnifying glass soon loses them. It would be hard to find anything much lighter than the tread of a fly yet the microscope frequently reveals fly footprints on the least wet surfaces, doors and even receptacles.

This is because the fly's foot is a complicated invention, including a bunch of hairs and a pair of thin, flexible plates, much like a couple of tiny pieces of sticky fly paper. With these sticking plasters, he is able to walk along the ceiling and even go to sleep there upside down. In order to

Continued on Page 19.

DOUBLE VALUE!

*so rich it goes
twice as far!*



57

THE LARGEST-SELLING
KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

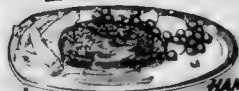
Tip a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup. See how it pours. So rich, so economic! That's why Heinz Tomato Ketchup is so concentrated, so full of fine flavor that it goes twice as far. Just a fraction of a penny's worth flavors an entire dish!

In making tomato ketchup, Heinz uses only the best ingredients. "Amortized" tomatoes, bred from Heinz cultivated seedlings, vine-ripened, picked at flavor peak and cooked within a few hours of picking. Aged in wood vinegar. The most scrupulous in the world! All these are blended together with the skill, the unhurried patience of "home" cooking. Small wonder its taste has made Heinz Tomato Ketchup the most popular flavor on earth!

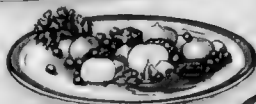
Keep a few bottles of Heinz Tomato Ketchup on hand at all times. One on the dining room table—on in the kitchen. You'll find your meals tastier, more appetizing—and the whole family applauding!



"I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
FLAVOR WHICH ADDS ZEST TO
THESE ECONOMY DISHES—
HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP IS SO
GOOD ON SO MANY THINGS"



HAMBURGER



STEW



CORNED BEEF HASH



PORK CHOP

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WITH 2 BOTTLES OF HEINZ KETCHUP

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Book of Meat Cookery. Great New
Ways To Serve Old Favorites and
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Do these 100 recipes grow to
Heinz Tomato Ketchup. It's the
heart of the matter. It's the key to
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Heinz gives you in the Heinz
Book of Meat Cookery.



IT'S CHEAPER TO PAY MORE FOR SOMETHING BETTER

It's Our Family's Whiskey

and Neighbor, it's sure Tasty and Mild!



There's sure some history behind that special tastiness of Our Family's Whiskey!

I personally know some of the folks that went and cut their names and everything out our old beech there—and some were real good friends of Pa Wilken. And I wouldn't wonder if others was acquainted with Grandpa Wilken himself. A lot of those good folks have come and gone by now, but I sort of like to see around here the oldest friend of the family that has seen love. The Wilken Family has always stuck together.

For at least 6 generations, that I know of, us Wilkens have been whistling kind people. Each generation has spent its whole life studying out how to make the very mildest and tastiest whiskey—and then seeing to it that the next generation got the hang of it. So when you buy a bottle and note the real extra mildness and tastiness that our

Family Recipe has got to it, I just wished you'd remember all the years it took to make it that way!



Harry E. Wilken

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If We Had Eyes Like a Microscope

(Continued from Double Page)

unghie himself the fly has to lift up one edge of the plate first, the way one removes a mustard plaster. But instead of its taking a long time, the fly is able to move them all in the twinkling of an eye while he is bending his legs and raising his wings for the take-off.

This sticky, hairy foot is an ideal device for picking up and scattering every sort of microbe, mold or spore that the fly walks over. As a result, his footprints are often as easily developed by the camera as human finger prints. Sometimes they develop themselves in the form of germ or mold colonies, planted by the fly's feet.

Human beings, when they die, are buried in the ground and often encased in a shroud. The white-faced doctors, a grasshopper, revivifies things by being born in the earth and coming out of the egg, wrapped tightly in a shroud. It is really a sort of straightjacket in which the mighty hind legs the outer legs and even the antennae are strapped to the body so tightly that they cannot be used. Only the head, with the two long, jointed antennae that will be its eyes is free. Yet the newborn baby burper must die the death of that grave and up to the surface or die. Why should Nature play such a mean trick on a creature that seems to have troubles enough to get up in the world?

It is not a handicap, but the situation of the baby insect. If it should unfold those long, jointed hind legs far from being a help, they would be a fatal hindrance. Only a streamlined wriggler could worm its way through the soil. Slowly, painfully but steadily, the grasshopper pulls itself up by its neck. J. Henri Fabre, known as the "Homer of the Insect," sat up many months watching the edge of a glass jar full of earth to see how it was done.

The glow worm is famous for giving light of a peculiar kind, cold light, but he does another thing which, in some ways, is perhaps quite as remarkable. He anesthetizes his victim so that he will stand still and not mind or make any resistance to being eaten alive. The glow worm is

not really a worm at all but has six short and rather feeble legs on which he gets around slowly but plenty fast enough to run down his prey, the leisurely snail.

The one he prefers is a small fellow hardly the size of a cherry, sometimes found on the ground but more often far up the stalk of a weed or on the side of a rock. The glow worm follows the snail's slimy trail without the slightest difficulty but, if he should hurt the snail in attacking it, the snail would let go and tumble to the ground, leaving no trail in its passage through the air, and probably he lost forever to the hunter. For this reason the prey must be persuaded to keep still and permit itself to be eaten without efforts to escape. This is the reason for the drugging.

The glow worm prefers to come upon his game in the hottest hours of the day when the snail usually enjoys a siesta of

several hours. First the glow worm looks the proposition over and usually finds his victim completely encased in a burglar-proof shell all but a bit of the mantle or "foot." Quietly approaching this mantle, the glow worm exposes a pair of hooked mandibles, thinner than a hair and infinitely sharper. Like the spider's mandibles, they are hollow, hypodermic needles, but the stuff the glow worm carries in them is not a deadly poison but a pain-killer and sleep-producer.

Slowly and gently, the glow worm sinks the mandibles into the extreme outer edge of the mantle which probably has little if any nerve supply. Then, waiting a moment for the drug to take effect, he makes another injection a little further in. Ordinarily, he does this about six times before being satisfied that the patient is thoroughly "under." If the snail at that point is rescued from the enemy, it will recover very hard on my back."

Private Norbert D. Finn, 96th Bombardment Squadron, was a passenger in a bombardment plane during a night fight. The airplane was flying at about 5,000 feet over New Kent, Va., when both motors cut out. After losing about 1,000 feet altitude

the pilot ordered the passengers to "bail out." Private Finn picked up his report book which had the data of the flight and went back to the trap door. He pulled the emergency door release, but was forced to kick the trap door from its fastenings. "I dove through," he stated, "but my parachute lodged in the door. I pulled the ripcord and saw my parachute unfurl. I was jerked around as the parachute opened and hit the tree tops almost immediately, which broke the fall. I then walked to a farmhouse and was taken to Providence Forge, Va., where I reported the accident to Langley Field, Va."

Joe Jacobson, a veteran speed flyer competing in the Bonita transcontinental race, was hurled unconscious into space when his plane exploded in mid-air. Jacobson took off before dawn from New York with the six other con-

testants. His unexpected initiation into the Caterpillar Club occurred when he was in the vicinity of Stafford, Kansas. "I was traveling along at 3,000 feet and everything seemed okay," he said. "Suddenly there was a roar. The next thing I knew I was falling through the air. Instinctively I reached for the ripcord of my parachute and pulled it, and I drifted to the ground."

"I looked around and found the parts of the ship. The largest was a piece about one foot long from one of the wing tips. I had a few bad moments right after I pulled the cord, as it was in such a position that the chute opened around me. As I fell, however, it straightened out. I felt as if somebody had given me a crack on the head, some part of the plane either hit me or I struck my head on the cockpit as I was blown clear. The plane fell in flames. I felt pretty well shaken up when I hit the ground. The noise of my ship was scattered over an area of half a mile. The foot-long piece of wing tip I found more than a quarter of a mile from the rest of the pieces. Then I made my way to a farmhouse."

time, in the course of the report, he goes from sleep to death but enough of the mantle is left unharmed to keep the shell still glued to its place even when the last of him is gone, a process which takes about three days. Often these snails perch in clusters and while one of them is being drugged and devoured its fellows close by take no interest in the proceedings and may stick around until one of them is the next on the menu.

Fabre, in pointing out that the way up and down the scale of life there is something always ready to eat every other form of life, relates how the mighty mantis lays 1,000 eggs only to have the babies massacred by the despised ant before they get out of their swaddling clothes, so that it is lucky if a couple survive out of the legion. The mantis eats the locust, a bird called the very-neck eats the unsavory ant and in the Fall of the year, having grown fat from the ant diet, the very-neck was eaten by Fabre.

The instinct of eating is sometimes stronger than fear of death. Fabre once saw a bee-eating wasp catch a bee and start helping herself to the contents of the bee's honey sack as she dragged the prey toward her store house. But a mantis captured the wasp, the saw-teeth of the big insect's forearm and upper arm clamping down on the wasp's body. Yet the wasp kept right on greedily gulping down the bee's honey and did not stop even when the mantis began to bite pieces out of her, still getting all she could of that last meal on earth, while her strength lasted.

Like the spider, the female mantis is the fighter, killer and head of the family. She not only fights with sister mantises but the winter eats the lower, but like the spider, she eats her poor inoffensive husband. Also, she is accused of molesting her children. Having laid 1,000 eggs in one basket, she walks away without giving it so much as a backward look. And it happens that she is one of the few insects who can turn her head and look over her shoulder. The mantis is, as far as is known, the only insect in an idle moment will pick up and examine, with curiosity, strange, inanimate objects such as pieces of paper.

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Marion Talley

RETURNS TO THE AIR FOR RY-KRISP

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

5:00 P. M. E. S. T.

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Flash from Hollywood! Lovely Marion Talley returns to the air in a scintillating musical show. Hear this famous radio star sing the songs all America loves. Thrill to the exquisite voices of the Paul Taylor Chorus, the stirring music of Josef Koesner's Orchestra. Hear the amazing story of how Marion Talley lost pounds—was new, youthful charm—learn from her how to get a new lease on youth and happiness by reducing the Ry-Krisp way.



Efficient Modern House-Cleaning Devices

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

OCTOBER FIRST, official Moving Day, combined with summer's ending, marks a big moment in nearly every household. If you do move, then there's the new house or apartment which must be made spick-and-span before carrying in your household goods. Or, if you do not happen to be one of that numerous class of families who restlessly change their abode at least annually, then it is still more necessary to cleanse, refurbish and set to rights the old home against the incoming of winter.

So in either case it's a situation which demands calling all tools to the aid of the housewife and cleaning woman.

Cleaning tasks may seem very little from year to year, but nevertheless the tools with which these same tasks may be performed, see many and often radical changes in design and appearance. These days the housewife's cleaning department is quite literally bristling not only with brushes, but with mops, pads, waxing pads and a strange array of small gadgets for each special job of home cleaning.

Let's look at a few of them. There is, of course, a bathroom in most modern homes, if not more than one. And that water-mark around the tub is always an unpleasant little job too often shirked by the careless bather. However, if there were provided handy beside the tub one of the new and improved bath-tub scrubbers, one would be less likely to forget to clean out the tub after the bath.

This scrubber is a live sponge-rubber pad mounted on a 24-inch handle. This long flexible handle permits cleaning out the

tub while comfortably standing up. Sprinkle a little cleanser on the sponge-pad and scrub out the tub. A gleaming spotless tub will be the result of this easy daily care.

One of the modern fixtures soon increasing in many homes is the Venetian or shutter blind at the window or used as screens. This charming adaptation of French "jalousies" intended to keep out the fierce, intolerant sun, has recently become very popular. But they are hard to keep clean. The many shallow blades of wood are little shelves on which the dust too easily settles down for a long rest.

But there is an invention to make even such unsavory dusting less laborious. A drop-head duster of soft lamb's wool is mounted on a sturdy wooden frame, and in use it is inserted between the slats. The width of this duster takes in five slats or openings at once. Thus, by moving the duster horizontally across the slats, both sides of the slats are cleaned simultaneously.

For the very tall window, this duster-head comes mounted on a flexible spring handle which allows the worker to reach up high without straining the arms. The flexible feature allows the duster to be turned in such a way that a fresh cleaning surface is constantly turned to the slats. The handle comes in a 4-inch length. Such a hand-held device may also be used on walls, especially light delicate papered walls which require dust removed without scratching or harshness.

In cleaning aerial radiators under the piano, and low articles of furniture, the worker often finds the usual dusting mop too

high and bulky. One of the newer floor dusting or polishing mops has been designed to eliminate these inconveniences. The dusting "head" is double tapered, which allows it to be used longer by means of the spring in the handle. The head can be turned in any position and locked in it. This permits the mop to get into corners which other mop heads cannot reach. Its head of heavy yarn may be washed and put through the wringer, shaken and easily replaced on its frame.

It's a good idea, when giving the house a thorough cleaning to use a flush pump on every drain in the bath, wash room, kitchen and laundry tubs. After a heavy summer, there's likely to be lots of lint and grease around

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Eggs Fried Eggs Fruit Milk Milk & Coffee Lunch Lamb Chops Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dinner Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dessert Fruit Milk	Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Eggs Fried Eggs Fruit Milk Milk & Coffee Lunch Lamb Chops Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dinner Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dessert Fruit Milk	Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Eggs Fried Eggs Fruit Milk Milk & Coffee Lunch Lamb Chops Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dinner Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dessert Fruit Milk	Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Eggs Fried Eggs Fruit Milk Milk & Coffee Lunch Lamb Chops Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dinner Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dessert Fruit Milk	Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Eggs Fried Eggs Fruit Milk Milk & Coffee Lunch Lamb Chops Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dinner Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dessert Fruit Milk	Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Eggs Fried Eggs Fruit Milk Milk & Coffee Lunch Lamb Chops Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dinner Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dessert Fruit Milk	Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Eggs Fried Eggs Fruit Milk Milk & Coffee Lunch Lamb Chops Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dinner Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Sweet Potatoes Dessert Fruit Milk

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3732 TRIM YOUR LITTLE GIRLS' FROCK WITH CHEST PLEATS THAT WILL ENDOUR IT WITH A RESISTIVE AIR. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 35-inch fabric and 3½ yards ruffling.

Pattern 3738 COLORFUL COTTON PLAYS IN JUST THE THING FOR A CROCHET WRAP-AROUND FROCK. CONTRAST ITS BUTTONS. Designed for misses and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3735 EVERY SCHOOL-BOUNDED JUNIOR WILL REVEL IN SUCH A NEAT "N" TRIM FROCK AS THIS. SPECIALLY IF IT'S OF JACQUET WOL. Designed for girls' sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 1½ yards 44-inch fabric.

Pattern 3731 THREE CHERIS "N" A Dainty Panel Frock that will flatter the "NOT TOO SLENDER" MATRONLY FIGURE. Designed for misses and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3734 "LET LAZY PLETS BRING UP YOUR COUSIN OR SISTER BOARD" THIS

THREE-PIECE SET IS EASY TO CROCHET. Pattern 3734 contains detailed directions and charts for making an oval shawl 12½ inches and round ones 8 inches in diameter when done in strong illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3734 STEPPING OUT OF AN AFTER-NOON "TO" IN THIS LOVABLE FROCK. A JOY TO BEHOLD IN SOFT SYNTHETIC CREPE. Designed for misses and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS IS CENTS EACH. Every pattern contains a large, complete, carefully followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly sizes, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 10c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to:

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.
615 NINTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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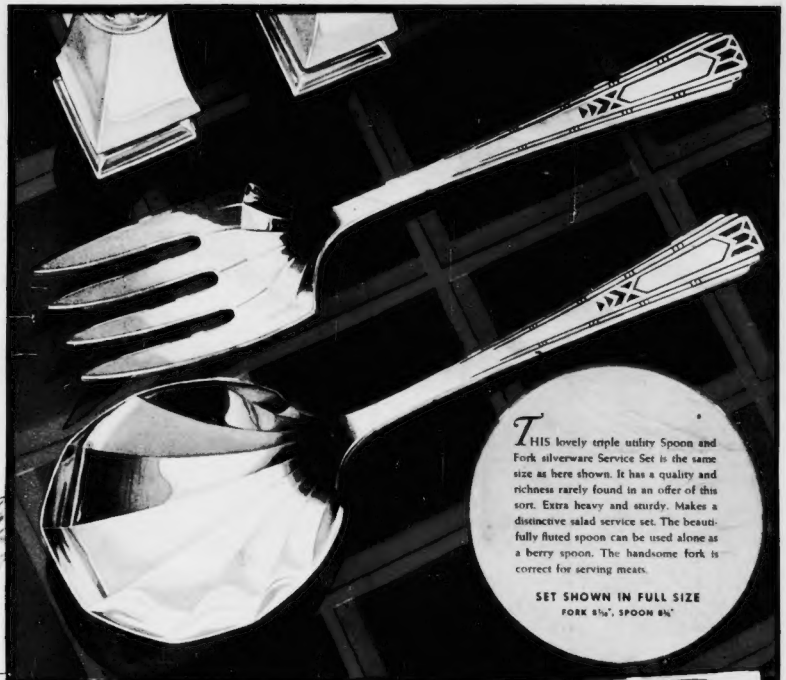
SILVERWARE SERVICE SET IN THE FAMOUS Medallity Pattern

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and the paper strip describing it...
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This offer is made solely to get more women to delight their husbands by serving hot Bisquicks more often



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LOOK FOR THIS BAND AROUND BISQUICK PACKAGES ON DISPLAY AT YOUR GROCER'S NOW!

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